

Tailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the solemnitie
Is past; But have you a full promise of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that shall be seene, I tender my consent.

Wooc. I have Sir; here shee comes.

Tailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old busines: But no more of that.
Now, so soone as the Court hurrie is over, we will
Have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Prisoners. I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their Chamber; tis pittie they
Are in prison, and twer pittie they should be out: I
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adversity
Asham'd; the prison it selfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.

Tailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but flatters 'em, they
Stand a greife above the reach of report. *(doers.)*

Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only

Daugh. Nay most likely, for they are noble sufferers; I
Mervaille how they would have lookd had they beene
Victors, that with such a constant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making misery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jest at.

Tailor. Doe they so?

Daugh. It seemes to me they have no more sence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they care
Well, looke merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their owne restraint, and disasters:
Yet sometime a devided sigh, martyrd as twer
I'th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other presently gives it so sweete a rebake,
That I could wish my selfe a Sigh to be so chid,
Or at least a Sigher to be comforted.

Wooc. I never saw 'em.

Tailor. The Duke himselfe came privately in the night;

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

And so did they, what the reason of it is, I

Know

Know not: Looke yonder they are
Arcite lookes out.

Daugh. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*
Lower of the twaine; you may
Of him.

Iai. Goe too, leave your point
Make us their object; out of their

Daugh. It is a holliday to looke
Diffrence of men.

Scena 2. Enter Palamon,

Pal. How doe you Noble *Cosen*

Arcite. How doe you Sir?

Pal. Why strong enough to last
And beare the chance of warre you
I feare for ever *Cosen*.

Arcite. I beleieve it,
And to that destiny have patient
Laide up my houre to come.

Pal. Oh *Cosen Arcite*,
Where is *Thebes* now? where is
Where are our friends, and kindred?
Must we behold those comforts,
The hardy youthes strive for the
(Hung with the painted favours
Like tall Ships under saile: then sit
And as an Eastwind leave 'em all
Like lazy Clowdes, whilst *Palamon*
Even in the wagging of a wanton
Out-strip the peoples praises, we
Ere they have time to wish 'em o
Shall we two exercise, like *Twyn*
Our Armes againe, and feele our
Like proud Seas under us, our go
(Better the red-eyd god of war n
Bravishd our sides, like age must
And decke the Temples of those

D